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HOW SHE HAS CAPTURED THE BRITISH PEERAGE.

Lord Ellenborough's marriage to an American heiress with a dowry of £200,000 adds still further to the financial indebtedness of the British peerage to America's gilded aristocracy. Altogether, some five hundred American girls have married titled foreigners, many of them British, and the total dowries of these marriages amounts to £32,000,000. Since 1840 some thirty British peers or eldest sons of peers have married in the United States. Forty-four American women are wives of Englishmen with courtesy titles or baronetcies, and all these marriages have brought vast wealth into the old country.

My Lady Dollar.

Miss May Goelet, daughter of the late Mr. Ogden Goelet, inherited £2,000,000, all of which was actually her dowry, but only a small part of it was legally settled on her husband, the Duke of Roxburghe—not more than £200,000. The late Lady Curzon, daughter of the late Levi Z. Leiter, of Chicago, and her sister, Marguerite Leiter, who was married to the Earl of Suffolk, had dowries of £400,000 each, which was placed unreservedly at the disposition of their husbands. When Miss Alice Thaw, of Pittsburg, became the Marchioness of Hertford, her mother settled on her £5,000 a year.

Plums for the Peerage.

Other British dowries which have come in recent years from America are: Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, £200,000; Cora, Countess of Stafford, £200,000; Countess Craven, £200,000; Countess Donoughmore, £100,000; Countess of Yarmouth, £200,000; Duchess of Manchester, £400,000; Lilian, Duchess of Marlborough, £600,000; Duchess of Marlborough, £2,000,000.

The pre-marital names of these and other ladies who have married British nobles were:

Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester: Miss Consuelo Yznaga.

Cora, Countess of Stafford: Miss Colgate.

Countess Craven: Miss Cornelia Bradley Martin.

Countess Donoughmore: Miss Elena M. Grace.

Duchess of Marlborough: Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt.

Duchess of Manchester: Miss Helen Zimmerman.

Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava: Miss Florence Davis.

Dowager Marchioness of Anglesey: Miss Mary Livingstone King.

Countess of Orford: Miss Louise Corbin.

Countess of Essex: Miss Adele Grant.

Countess of Egmont: Miss Kate Howell.

Viscountess Deerhurst: Miss V. Bonynge.

Viscountess Falkland: Miss Mary Reade.

Lady Abinger: Miss Magruder.

Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch: Miss Marie Lilian Lister.

Countess Tankerville: Miss Van Marter.

Lady Vernon: Miss Margaret F. Lawrence.

Lady Bagot: Miss Lilian May.

Lady Playfair: Miss Edith Russell.

Lady Hope: Miss May Yohe.

Charming Mrs. Chamberlain.

Mr. Chamberlain, as is well known, is married to a charming American lady. Mrs. Chamberlain was Miss Mary Endicott, the only daughter of a famous American statesman. The Endicotts are one of the oldest and best families in America. Mrs. Chamberlain is a sweet-faced, sweet-voiced lady, who dresses quietly and in the best of taste. She has no liking for social excitement, and is happiest when at home at Highbury. One of the most notable American ladies married to prominent Englishmen is Mrs. Lewis Vernon Harcourt, wife of the late Sir William Harcourt's only son. She is usually called Mrs. "Lulu" Harcourt. She was Miss Mary Burns, the daughter of a wealthy New York magnate. She is tall and dark, and a very popular hostess.

More Titled Americans.

Other well-known marriages of titled "Britishers" to American ladies during recent years have been:

Sir Bache Cunard (Miss Burke).

Late Lord Randolph Churchill (Miss Jennie Jerome, now Mrs. Cornwallis West).

Sir Michael Herbert (Miss Belle Wilson).

Hon. Charles Lawrence (Miss Sumner).

Sir William Gordon Cumming (Miss Garner).

Sir Anthony Musgrave (Miss Jennie L. Field).

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Hon. C. Spencer-Cowper (Miss Jessie McLean).
Sir Arthur Paget (Miss Minnie Stevens).
Sir John Lister-Kaye (Miss Natica Yznaga).
Hon. Charles Pelham-Clinton (Miss Lizzie Zerega).

Dollars for Foreign Noblemen.

American women have also endowed foreign titles with great

DUCHESS AND SAUSAGES.

wealth. Miss Anna Gould, daughter of Mr. Jay Gould, was worth from £1,200,000 to £1,600,000 when she married Count Boni Castellane, who has recently been figuring in the French divorce courts. Her property, however, was so carefully guarded by the administrators of the Gould estate that not more than £200,000 was ever under the individual control of the Count. The Princesse Colonna (Miss Mackay), the Countess Festetics (Miss Haggin), and the Princess Hatzfeldt (Miss Huntington) were three rich Western brides of titled Europeans, the first and last mentioned each having a dowry of £200,000.

Count Imperatori, of Italy, was playing in the orchestra at Sherry's Restaurant in New York when he married wealthy Miss Margaret Taylor; and Count Ferreri, of Italy, was a waiter at the World's Fair, Chicago, just before he wedded Miss Emily Moekel, a rich Brooklyn milliner. On the other hand, Miss Grant, daughter of General F. D. Grant, brought only a very small dowry to Prince Cantacuzene of Russia.

Duchess and Sausages.

The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg takes her domestic duties very seriously, says a Berlin correspondent.

Accompanied by a lady of the Court, the Duchess appeared at the market in Gotha and bought a number of pots and pans, and then inquired the price of sausages.

Astounded at the present prices, the Duchess exclaimed: "I must tell the Duke. How is it possible for the wife of a workman to manage?" All the small parcels were carried home by the two ladies themselves.

Good King Oscar.

King Oscar of Sweden, whose health has lately given rise to so much uneasiness, is one of the most remarkable of European monarchs. Besides being a voluminous writer, he is a first-rate musician, an expert linguist, a good speaker, and an all-round sportsman. In his younger days His Majesty was possessed of a fine tenor voice, and, had necessity demanded, he could easily have made a substantial income as a vocalist. He is also devoted to the sea, having been himself reared a sailor, and was

Miss Etta Carson, who, unwittingly, assisted burglars to rob both herself and her guests at a masquerade party.

Particularly Interesting People.

SOME MEN AND WOMEN OF THE WEEK.

frequently a visitor to Cowes when King Edward, as Prince of Wales, was commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron. King Oscar is an honorary British Admiral, and takes great interest in all matters connected with our Navy. The King has been in indifferent health for some years now, and the recent rupture between Norway and Sweden did not tend to improve matters with him. His Majesty is a descendant of Bernadotte, the celebrated French soldier, who rose from the ranks to become the occupier of a throne, and it is probably because of his plebeian descent that he is so democratic of ideas and simple in his habits.

King and People.

The King has always been on the very best terms with his subjects, and often goes among them quite unattended. Once, when His Majesty was travelling by train, he arrived at his destination to be greeted only by some bowing railway officials and the captain of the police. "Where are my people?" inquired the King. The stationmaster replied that he had purposely excluded the public from the station while the Sovereign was there. The King looked annoyed for a moment, and then said: "Very well, I will go out and greet them myself." And a moment later he stood bowing to the cheering multitude outside the station, who were delighted at this example of their Sovereign's good will.

THE FUTURE TSAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

A First-class Reason.

But, although he is of democratic tendencies, King Oscar is by no means a Republican, as the following story will show: Some time ago, at a certain hotel at Wiesbaden a group of young men were heatedly discussing the question as to which is the best form of government. One of the company, an American, was eloquent in his praises of a democracy, and challenged those present to dispute his argument. At length, happening to glance round the room, he beheld a white-haired old gentleman smiling quietly to himself at a neighbouring table. This was too much for the Yankee, who turned to him and said: "I do not seem to convince you, sir. I suppose you must be a monarchist. Will you not give us your reasons, if such be the case?" "Certainly," replied the old gentleman, quietly, "I am a monarchist, and I have several very good reasons: the principal being that I am King Oscar of Sweden and Norway." Needless to add, the American had nothing more to say.

Held Up!

King Oscar once had a novel experience while travelling by rail in Switzerland. His Majesty and suite were without tickets, and when they left Aix-les-Baines no notice was taken of this fact, as royal railway expenses are always settled in Paris on the French railways. At Geneva, however, an official peremptorily demanded tickets, and said he would not let the party pass until he received the money. In vain the King's chamberlain expostulated—the zealous official was obdurate. After much argument and great waste of time, the train was at last allowed to proceed to Lausanne, but here it was explained that, Switzerland being a republic, the King of Sweden must be treated like any ordinary person. Matters were reaching a serious stage when a certain local magnate arrived who guaranteed that the tickets should be paid for, and King Oscar and his suite proceeded in peace.

Temporary Marriage.

A woman has been found brave enough to adopt the suggestion of trial marriages. Mrs. Herbert Rider-Kelsey, a well-known soprano soloist of New York, who will shortly be married, has drawn up an agreement with her future husband to try wedded life for one year, at the end of which either may sue for divorce without opposition from the other

A TEMPORARY MARRIAGE.

member of the agreement, or they may decide to continue the experiment.

Burglars at a Masquerade.

Four burglars, with a sense of humour, secured a large amount of jewellery, gems, and silverware under extraordinary circumstances at Trenton, New Jersey, recently.

Miss Etta Carson, the daughter of a merchant, gave a Hallowe'en masquerade party, at which prizes were offered for the most original costumes.

When the drawing-rooms were well filled with guests in fantastic attire, one of the windows was suddenly opened, and four masked men, attired like western brigands, climbed through one after the other.

The brigands carried dark lanterns, revolvers, and kits of burglars' tools, and two of them had bags slung over their shoulders.

The guests shrieked with merriment, and the hostess shook hands with the brigands, saying: "I suppose you want all our jewellery?"

"Yes, please," said one of the men gruffly.

Thereupon Miss Carson took off a diamond brooch and three rings and dropped them into one of the bags. The other guests followed her example. Five gold watches were contributed by the men, and jewels to the value of £1,000 by the women.

The "bandits" then cleared the supper-room of silver, and ransacked the other rooms, making believe to force open drawers and cabinets.

After completing their tour of the house they returned to the drawing-room with their booty and left by way of the window.

The guests waited their return through the front door, curious to learn the identity of the clever maskers. Half an hour passed and then the hostess called in the police.

The burglars were real burglars, and the police "have no clue."

Grand Duchess who writes Hymns.

This is the most recent photograph of the Grand Duchess Marie-Alexandrovna, widow of the late Duke of Edinburgh, who subsequently became Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Her four daughters, notably the Crown Princess of Roumania, are celebrated for their good looks. Their mother, according to the *Novoye Vremya*, has recently devoted much time to hymn-writing, and she has published a volume of poems, the circulation of which, however, has been confined to her own family and most intimate friends.

A DUCHESS WHO WRITES HYMNS.

Photos, Park.

A COUNTESS AS A TOBACCO-GROWER: A successful tobacco farm has been started in co. Kilkenny by the Countess of Desart. The farm is under the direct management of her brother-in-law, Captain the Hon. Otway Cuffe, who is keenly interested in the scheme.

FASHION'S CRAZE.

American Infatuation for "Johnny Bear."

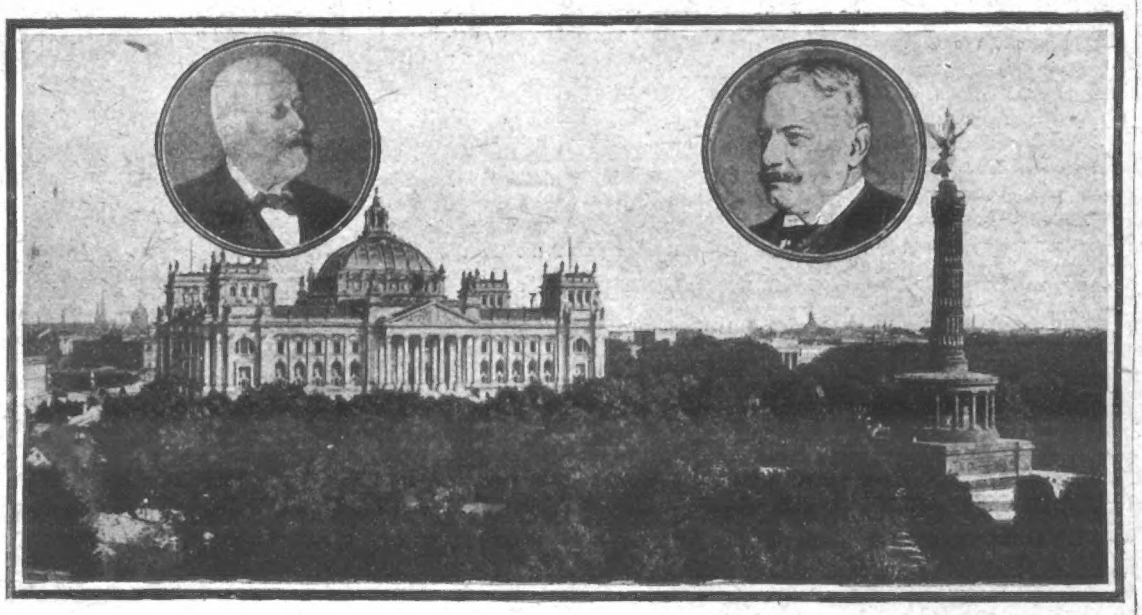
The European always takes a kindly interest in American fads—so long as they do not cross the Atlantic. But he will sincerely hope that the latest fad will not stand ocean travel.

The American woman has found a novel pet, and the lap-dog is sad and the millionaire discarded. The new pet is "Johnny Bear," and "Johnny Bear" has the charming quality of being far less troublesome than either dog or dude.

He is made of fur, and his inside is of sawdust. His expression is permanently humorous (says a writer in the *Daily Express*); he is never bad-tempered, he costs nothing to keep, and he has the great advantage over pet dogs and cats that he can be thrown into a corner when he is wanted no more, and there he will remain quietly, without hurt to either his fur or his feelings. "Johnny" is never ill, never worrying, never fractious, and the American woman has taken him to her heart.

His popularity started at Newport, and a *début* at Newport is the surest way into the most exclusive American circles. At first he was only taken up by very young women, and it became quite the fashion for girls of eighteen and nineteen always to be seen with a brown or white woolly bear when they were driving, motoring, walking, even when they were bathing.

But soon the married women caught the craze, and it is said that many an aforetime happy household has been wrecked by jealousy aroused in a husband's heart by the affections wasted on "Johnny Bear," and that as a consequence many husbands had taken advantage of America's kindly laws to make "Johnny" the reason for a divorce petition.



KAISER v. PARLIAMENT: The Reichstag, the German House of Parliament, where sensational scenes took place last week. Inset are photos of Prince von Buelow and the leader of the party against the Kaiser, Count Ballestrem.

Apparently the love for "Johnny Bear" is like the appetite for absinthe or for golf. To the outsider and the inexperienced it seems absurd, but when once the fascination of the new toy has been acquired, despite ridicule and persecution, it appears impossible to tear oneself away from it.

The uglier the bear the more eager is the purchaser, since the contrast between a beautiful woman and the hideous doll makes the woman appear the more lovely. American children, years and years ago, gave up playing with dolls, but now the American woman plays with a bear.

Bear teas are all the rage in the most exclusive circles, each woman bringing her own pet and pretending to feed it.

Phantom Ship Mystery.

The mystery of the phantom ship of Cape Horn, which has puzzled superstitious mariners for centuries, and led many vessels and their crews to a watery grave, has at last been solved owing to the efforts of the United States Hydrographic Office.

Ships coming from Europe to Western America by way of Cape Horn have been startled by what seemed to be a derelict vessel with water washing over the decks.

The *Crown of Italy* was one of the ships which sighted the supposed ghostly vessel in distress, and in going to its aid ran on a rock and was wrecked.

Not long ago the Norwegian barque *Servia* arrived at Seattle with the tale of a phantom ship which almost exactly corresponded to that given by officers of the *Crown of Italy*.

The second officer of the Norwegian vessel declared that he had seen a derelict with sails set and decks awash drifting in through the strait.

Owing to the Norwegian's strange story the United States Hydrographic Office instituted inquiries. At their request the Argentine Government sent out a steamer which found that the apparition was due to a strange freak of nature.

Among the black, jagged rocks that lined both sides of the Strait of Le Maire, there was one in particular which, under certain atmospheric conditions, bore a deceptive likeness to a ship.

The formation of the rocks and the shadows they cast combined to produce the effect at a distance of five miles of a barque running under short sails.

The place will be marked in future on the charts with the words, "Rock bearing the appearance of a ship."

Glued to a Bath-Tub.

The superintendent of the pauper asylum at Portland, Oregon, Mr. D. D. Jackson, relined a bath-tub recently with a preparation of enamel purchased at a local shop. The next day Mr. Jackson took a warm bath, and while reclining comfortably in the tub went to sleep. On awaking some minutes later he found that his hair, back, and limbs were securely glued to the tub. He summoned assistance, and after great difficulty and still greater pain, Mr. Jackson was prised loose and put to bed. He had used the wrong kind of enamel, and when the doctors have finished with him he intends relining the tub under the supervision of an expert.

Photo, Nicholls.

IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE SUFFRAGETTES: Mrs. Pankhurst reading an important document. Reading from left to right, Miss Kenney, Miss Luke, Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. Hodgson, Miss Alma Marbel, Miss Pankhurst, Mrs. Pankhurst.

World's Most Remarkable Hospital Devoted Exclusively to Animals.

London animals have a Big Hospital all to themselves. Only poor people are permitted to have their animals treated. Queen Alexandra's own veterinary surgeon in attendance. Earl of Yarmouth has to plead hard to have his bulldog taken in as a "great exception." Donkeys of costermongers given preference over poodles of Peeresses. No animal admitted unless owner is too poor to pay veterinary fee outside.

London's animals now have a hospital all to themselves. It is the only institution of its kind in the world. Any London costermonger may bring his donkey to the Animal Hospital and have it attended to for nothing. Not only this. The Queen's own veterinary surgeon, as well as Professor Hobday, and other famous practitioners, are at the command of the poorest of the poor. Though the hospital is directly under Royal patronage, and has among its directors dukes, countesses, and other members of the nobility, the animals of the poor alone are treated.

It is no dainty, one-roomed establishment for the pampered pets of the rich, but a great building, every section of which is given up to treating animals belonging to persons too poor to pay the fee of a veterinary surgeon.

The hospital itself occupies a great block of buildings in the heart of London's fashionable West End. It is in Hugh Street, Belgrave Road, not far from Victoria Station.

Every day, from nine until four, hundreds of the London poor bring their pets to the entrance of the great Animal Hospital. The rule of the hospital is never to turn away any animal in distress. Not only are dogs and horses treated, but all kinds of domestic pets, such as white mice, cats, parrots, canaries, bullfinches, horses, donkeys, dogs—all of which receive the most expert treatment it is possible to give.

Animals are able to get in this wonderful establishment a degree of attention and skill which it would be impossible to obtain in private practice. In fact, it has been a somewhat difficult matter, since the hospital came into working order, to restrain the rich from taking advantage of the magnificent veterinary talent at the command of the institution.

Occasionally, where any remarkable disease develops among animal patients belonging to the rich, an exception may be made for the mere sake of scientific research; but, as a rule, no matter how wealthy a person is—and even if he should be a patron of the hospital—his animals are not received.

A recent exception, however, to the "poor man's rule" was made in the case of a bulldog belonging to the Earl of Yarmouth. This dog seemed to have some strange disease which several private veterinarians did not seem to be able to diagnose. Finally, the Earl of Yarmouth himself took the dog in a cab from the Ritz Hotel to the animal hospital, and, after he had pleaded for a long time with the Secretary, Mr. Coke, it was decided to make an exception and admit the "rich patient." Had it not been, however, that the Yarmouth bulldog presented a peculiar medical problem, it would not have been admitted.

The arrangement of the Animal Hospital is almost an exact counterpart of that of any great hospital for human beings, making, of course, the necessary adaptations required by brute creation. For instance, the entire building is divided into wards. As you enter the main doorway—under an imposing arch, above which is written the legend "Animal Hospital"—you are confronted by the entrances of several wards on the ground floor. There is a section of the horses' ward on the lower floor, for animals too seriously injured to ascend the inclined gangway leading to the second storey. On the same floor with the lower horses' ward are the donkeys' ward, the dogs' ward, and the wards for cats.

As it is well known that cats are quite susceptible to most of the diseases which afflict human beings, the cat ward in the Animal Hospital is always full to overflowing.

Most cats in the hospital are afflicted with ordinary curable diseases. The hospital does not make a practice of keeping animals which are hopelessly ill. For such creatures there is a well-arranged "lethal chamber," calculated to deprive even cats of all their lives in a manner warranted painless.

When it is decided by the resident veterinarian that any animals, birds, or other pets left by their owners are not capable of being cured, the formal consent of the owners is always obtained before the introduction to the lethal chamber takes place. Not infrequently ignorant owners of animals would rather have their pets alive under "any circumstances." In these cases, the humanitarian principles of the hospital authorities intervene, and the animals are put out of their misery.

As a rule, however, the Animal Hospital seldom has to advise destruction of animals brought within the care of the staff. Some marvellous cures have already been effected at the hospital, though it was only opened a few months ago. The lives of hundreds of dogs, cats, birds, mice, and other pets have been saved, and now the poor are beginning to recognise the advantages held out to them by this unique institution. Several costermongers bring their donkeys every day to the Animal Hospital for treatment. Strange to say, many of these donkeys suffer from rheumatism, and this disease often brings about a stiffness of the joints which renders the animal quite useless for getting about the streets. A few weeks in the donkeys' ward at the hospital literally puts the coster's "mate" on his feet again.

Speaking of cures which modern veterinary surgery is able to effect, some remarkable operations are performed nowadays. Quite a number of cats have been fitted with becoming glass eyes during the last few years, and several valuable dogs have received sets of false teeth.

That these latter operations are not mere "faddy" excursions of surgeons in the field of experiment is attested by the fact that false teeth in old dogs have proved the means of extending the lives of the animals for many years. When dogs get old and their teeth fail, the animals are not able to properly masticate their food, and they become debilitated from not having the proper nourishment. Professor Hobday and other veterinarians have succeeded in fitting excellent sets of false teeth into the mouths of a number of dogs. Of course, the same methods of fitting teeth are adopted with dogs as those used with respect to human beings. Regular moulds of the dogs' mouths have to be taken, and the teeth are fitted on plates, as usual. The conformation of the dog's mouth makes it quite easy to fit good sets of teeth into it, and there are many dogs in London to-day that can boast sets of false teeth, of which, from an artistic point of view, they should be very proud.

Another operation successfully carried out on dogs, cats, and other animals to-day is trephining, or removing portions of bone from the skull. Not infrequently there are brought into the hospital dogs and other animals which have had the bones of the face or skull crushed. Ordinarily, these animals would die in agony within a few hours. Such cases are taken at once to the Animal Hospital operating-room, where every appliance of modern surgery is to be found. A quick trephining operation by the resident surgeon, and the animal is soon on the road to recovery.

Not only are cases of accident attended in the hospital, but there is a department which goes in for animal beautifying. For instance, many dogs and cats are brought in which are suffering from facial and other deformities. Among bulldogs, hair-lip is very prevalent, as well as cleft palate. It is really wonderful to see some of these creatures "before" and "after" treatment.

Bulldogs will be brought into the hospital quite unpresentable in personal appearance. It takes very little natural deformity to make a bulldog much uglier than he is; but a bulldog with a hare-lip can scarcely be considered a "thing of beauty." And yet, not infrequently, these animals are very valuable. Under the surgeon's scalpel, however, the facial blemish disappears, and when the dogs return to their homes their owners never cease praising the skill of the animal doctor. Glass eyes fitted to cats come also under the beautifying department. A one-eyed cat is not a very inviting object at the best. The good looks of even the handsomest of tabbies is often spoiled by the loss of an orbit. At the Animal Hospital, however, it is not impossible to render cats "as good as new," so far as appearance is concerned. It must be admitted that a cat with a glass eye possesses certain advantages over one without this article. If it comes to the scratch, so to speak, the glass-eyed cat is less likely to suffer serious damage than his antagonist.

Not only is it quite feasible to supply dogs with false teeth, and cats with false eyes, but the substitution of artificial limbs for natural ones is an ordinary occurrence at the Animal Hospital. Quite a number of dogs, ranging from small fox terriers to Great Danes, are fitted out with artificial legs, most of these being composed of leather, and some light metal, such as aluminum.

It is rather curious that animals are often brought to the hospital with dislocated tails. There is a special form of treatment for this condition. In the case of dogs the bones of the tail are set, and the tail is kept in a stiff splint until the dislocation is reduced.

As a matter of fact, every known surgical operation is performed at the Animal Hospital, from setting a dislocated tail to trephining a fractured skull. In the bird ward an equal amount of skill and attention is devoted to feathered pets of the poor. Birds in every state of disease are brought to the hospital by their owners. One of the saddest cases seen by the writer on the occasion of a recent visit to the hospital was that of an English skylark with a fractured thigh. The poor creature rested on a tuft of its native grass quite forlorn and silent.

Another unhappy case was that of a parrot, who had lost practically all his feathers with the exception of a few yellow strands of a lugubrious top-knot of which he was once very proud. A strange parasite had attacked the skin of this bird and reduced it from a state of proud and garrulous festivity to one of deep and wretched depression. All the poor bird's shrieks of optimistic laughter were gone. However, the matron of the hospital stated that, in the course of a few weeks' treatment, she would be able to restore Polly to his pristine glory. This restoration is being effected by daily sprays of antiseptic fluid, and also lotions to encourage a new growth of feathers.

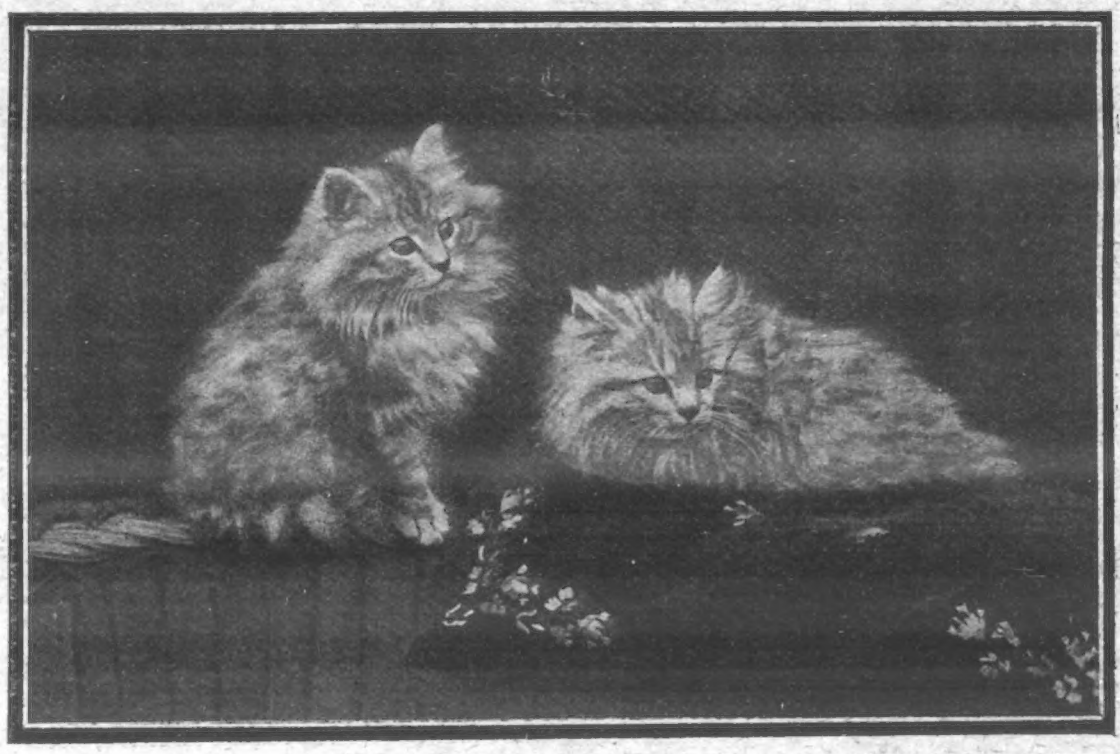
Among the favourite pets of the London poor are white mice and rats. There is a regular "rattery," so to speak, at the Animal Hospital. These creatures are allowed considerable freedom, when not injured too badly to get about, and their diseases often interest, not only the veterinarians, but also many regular practitioners. Recently the Queen's veterinarian operated on a white rat at the Animal Hospital. As rats and mice are operated on to the extent of hundreds of thousands in cancer research, doubtless the Queen's animal doctor found something of interest in the specimen he found at the Animal Hospital.

A very important feature in connection with the Animal Hospital is the ambulance service. A large number of fine ambulances are stationed at various parts of London, ready at a moment's notice to attend accident cases to horses, dogs, and other animals. These ambulances are fitted up with surgical dressings of every kind, together with tackle for helping injured horses into waggons, and other devices. The wheels are rubber-tyred, and every appliance is on hand for the purpose of alleviating suffering.

The interest taken by the poor, as well as rich, of London in the Animal Hospital is truly remarkable. The idea of founding such an institution came into being about five years ago, and was first started by an organisation known as the Dumb Friends' League, a society for the encouragement of kindness to animals.

The Countess of Essex is one of the vice-presidents of the society. Among other titled ladies interested in the institution are the Countess of Yarmouth, Marchioness of Exeter, Marchioness of Ormonde, Countess of Aberdeen, and many others. The Marchioness of Donegal is chairman of the Committee, assisted actively by some of the most prominent Society leaders. Even Queen Alexandra has manifested an interest in the work of the society, and done many little things so characteristic of Her Majesty to make the dumb inmates of the institution more comfortable.

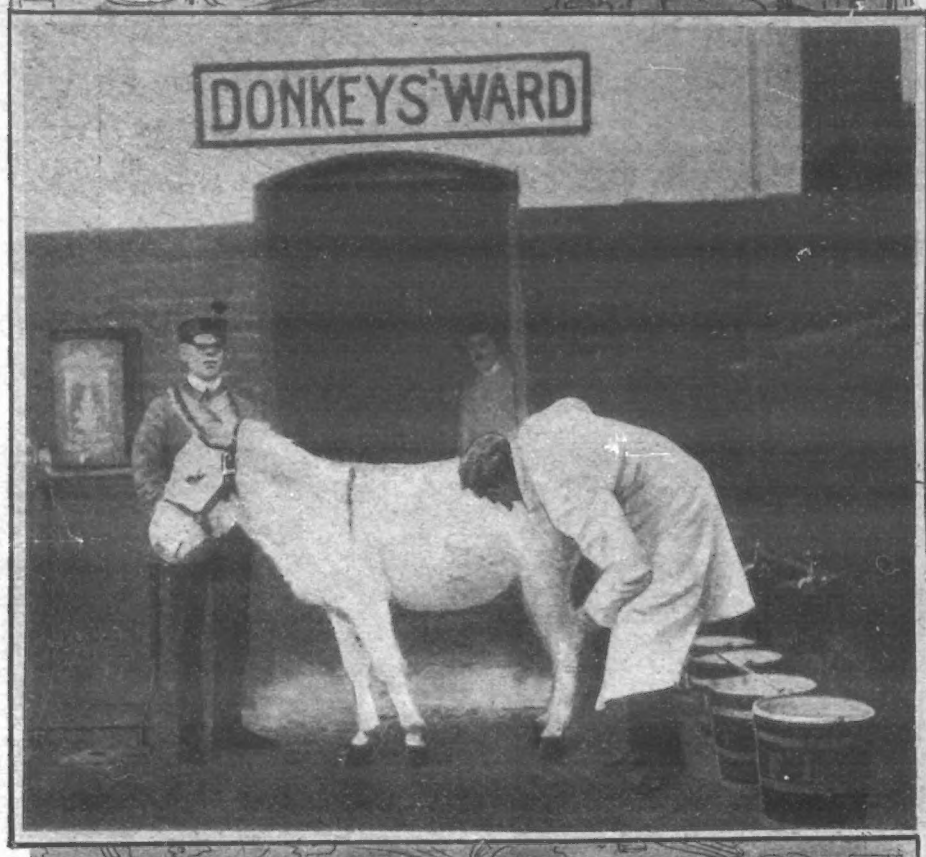
Altogether, the Animal Hospital is the most remarkable institution of its kind in the world.



WEALTHY CAT'S WILL: Pink-eye, the cat seen on the left in the above photograph, recently died of tumour in the throat, leaving an estate of £4,000 to its sister, the cat seen lying on the cushion. Each puss inherited £4,000 last year from Mr. B. F. Lilley, an eccentric, cat-loving millionaire.

A CAT WITH A GLASS EYE AND A DOG WITH A WOODEN LEG

What modern surgery can do for your pets.



SCENE IN THE DONKEY'S YARD.

London Costermongers bring their donkeys to the Hospital whenever the animals need medical or surgical aid. The finest veterinary surgeons in England give their services free.

HORSE PATIENT ARRIVING IN VAN.

In connection with the hospital, a number of splendidly equipped vans are used, these vans contain every appliance of modern surgery.

FEATHER RESTORING OPERATION ON BIRDS.

Every morning at the Animal Hospital birds are treated for various complaints. The parrot in above cage recently had all his feathers quite renewed.

CATS WITH GLASS EYES—DOGS WITH WOODEN LEGS.

Group of typical patients in the Animal Hospital. It is now quite usual for animals to be given glass eyes, wooden legs, and even false teeth.

ICEBERGS IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC. A GREAT DANGER TO SHIPPING.

Dainty Costumes and Characters in the London Pantomimes.

Specially Drawn by Dudley Cleaver.

THE BARON

ONE OF THE RUFFIANS

AN AUTUMN LEAF

THE BABES

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD" (CROYDON THEATRE)

SOLDIER

DOMINO

FROM THE BALLET

SOME COSTUMES FROM "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK" (THE GRAND THEATRE ISLINGTON)

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS (MISS FLORENCE LLOYD)

THE WHITE KING

FROM "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

A PAWN

THE MAD HATTER (MR SEYMOUR HICKS)

DUDLEY C. LEAVER del.

By kind permission of Messrs. Clarkson, the costumiers.

MISS MARIE WILSON'S METEORIC RISE: Seventeen Year Old Savoyard to Take a Leading Part in London at Seventeen.

Miss Marie Wilson, who is taking the part of Kate Carruthers in the revival of "The Yeomen of the Guard" at the Savoy Theatre, is probably the youngest of all Savoyards, past or present, as she only celebrated her seventeenth birthday on Dec. 10th last, two days after taking up her part at the Savoy.

Miss Wilson is already quite the pet of the company, which is scarcely to be wondered at, for she is a most dainty and charming little lady, while at the same time her graceful dancing and her talent as an actress, to say nothing of her wonderful voice, are in themselves sufficient to win for her universal admiration.

No doubt her voice and musical talent generally are hereditary, for Miss Wilson's mother is no one less than Mme. Recochewitz Wilson, who for many years was well known on the operatic stage in Paris and Berlin, and also at Covent Garden. She was also a member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and is now a well-known teacher of singing and voice production.

"It comes quite natural to Marie to sing," said Mme. Wilson to a representative of *P.I.P.* "She began to sing when she was quite a tiny child, and it has seemed as if she must sing ever since. Up to now her voice has been quite untrained, but now I am myself going to give her lessons in voice production." As for Miss Wilson herself, she was, as she declared, "simply bubbling over with excitement and happiness." "Tell you things! Well, I suppose I must begin at the beginning. I think my first appearance was at the Coronet. I was only ten years old at the time, and I sang at a charity performance there. A year or so later I sang the 'Jewel Song' from *Faust*, and some well-known singers who were present said some very nice things about me. Then—oh! then I went abroad to school for two years, so I didn't see much of the stage for that time. I can speak both French and German, and I really think I prefer singing in the latter language more than in my own. About 'The Yeomen of the Guard'? Well, I have always been awfully fond of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and it has always been my great ambition to play in them. When I heard that they were to be revived at the Savoy I persuaded my mother to write and ask Mrs. D'Oyly Carte if she would give me a trial. Mrs. Carte replied that she had already hear over seven hundred applicants, but she could give me a quarter of an hour. So I went, and in the end was with her for nearly three-quarters of an hour, and then learnt that she was quite pleased with me, and that I was to go on in 'The Yeomen of the Guard.'

"Could you imagine anything more delightful?" Miss Wilson asked. "To be doing the very thing I have always wanted to do! I had a birthday the other day, you know, and I don't think I could possibly imagine a nicer way of spending it. It's just glorious! And everyone at the theatre is so very good to me. Mrs. D'Oyly Carte herself is so kind and nice, and so is Mr. Gilbert. And, oh! I must tell you. Mr. Gilbert has invented a nickname for me—Miss Red Currant Jelly! That's because I said I should like that, and nothing else, for lunch.

"Up to the present my actual stage experience has been very small. Previous to my engagement at the Savoy I played the part of Elsie Maynard in the No. 1 company at the Coronet and Camden Theatres, just to give me experience, but I only appeared one night at each theatre. Besides the occasion I have told you of, those are my only public appearances."

Miss Wilson's part in the present production is only a small one, but that is not due to her lacking either the knowledge or power to take one more important. It is only because both Mrs. D'Oyly Carte and Mr. Gilbert thought that the strain of studying for the next production all day and playing a leading part at night would be too much for her. But in "The Gondoliers," which is the next of the operas to be revived, we shall have an opportunity of seeing what Miss Wilson can do in a really good part. We can only wish her all the success she so well deserves. Stay, though! Toby has been forgotten. And we are sure that neglect of Toby is one thing that Miss Wilson could never forgive. Toby, be it known, is a good-tempered, shaggy-haired, and clever dog, with the nicest of good manners, and he is Miss Wilson's own particular pet. Perhaps the best thing we can say is that Toby, in his way, is every bit as sweet as his mistress. Higher praise than that would be impossible.

Photos, Dover Street Studios & P.I.P.

MISS MARIE WILSON AT HOME.

P.I.P. PLAYGOER.

What will probably prove one of the wildest dances that has ever been seen by the British public will be presented by the Molassoes in the Christmas programme of the Palace Theatre. These form a quartette of disciples of the Terpsichorian Art that seem to rouse the audience to the greatest pitch of excitement. Little Tich will be exclusively engaged to sing some new songs; his initial appearance at the Palace anniversary recently showed how popular he will become with the patrons of the theatre. Mr. R. A. Roberts, with his new protean sketch, entitled "Ringing the Changes," will return to the home of his initial triumphs, and Princess Trixie will ask the public to test her intellectual powers in spelling and calculating. Always welcome to the playgoers is Chirgwin, the "White-eyed Kaffir"; his quips and jokes are reminiscent of the famous clown Grimaldi. Mr. Harry Vernon's company will present a Christmas idyll, entitled "Christmas Eve." This playlet has been capitally mounted, and contains a pretty "human" story that will not fail to please old and young alike.

The bioscope will present current events of the day, and will also show some new seasonable features.

The musical matinées, having been so popular, Mr. Alfred Butt has decided to hold a series of daily matinées during the Christmas holidays. These will be specially adapted to young people, and many items of the programme will be included to please the little ones. A particular feature will be the series of orchestral selections by the orchestra.

After a most successful tour in the provinces, Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry will resume the run of "Dorothy o' the Hall," at the New Theatre, on Monday, December 31st. As it was removed from this theatre at the height of its success, and has since met with such emphatic approval in the provinces, it is safe to prophesy a long and prosperous run for this delightful romantic drama, in which Miss Neilson and Mr. Terry are so well fitted with parts.

Quite the latest thing in magic is a revival of the feats of wonder performed in past ages by long-forgotten wizards, who thrived in the time of the Pharaohs.

Those ever-enterprising entertainers, Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant, introduced in their programme at St. George's Hall last week an Egyptian mystery worker who rejoices in the name of Joad Heteb, and claims to be a lineal descendant of the once world-famed Ptalunes, whose magical accomplishments are described in hieroglyphical carvings upon many of the still-existent monuments. This innovation met with such success that, following upon a short Continental tour, Joad Heteb will most probably reappear for a season at England's Home of Mystery.

This man of magic and ponderous pedigree affects the quaint old-world garments and appearance of his illustrious ancestors.— The knowledge of his mysteries has, he says, been handed down from father to son for countless generations, and, with the exception of the beautiful Circassian who assists in his performance, he alone is now the sole possessor of these long-treasured secrets.

One of his feats—Joad would be insulted if we called them tricks—is to stack four numbered blocks of wood one upon the other and, without touching them, to make them change positions to correspond with similarly painted cards arranged—or disarranged—by the audience.

In the photograph, which appears on page 427, it will be seen that a sagacious sceptic has endeavoured to puzzle the puzzler by inverting one of the cards. But such an attempt is foredoomed to failure. "Even the block can put its head in its feet," explained the wonder-worker, in decidedly broken English, to an interviewer.

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERS AT DRURY LANE.

Specially Sketched by Dudley Cleaver.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The Right Moment of Purchase.

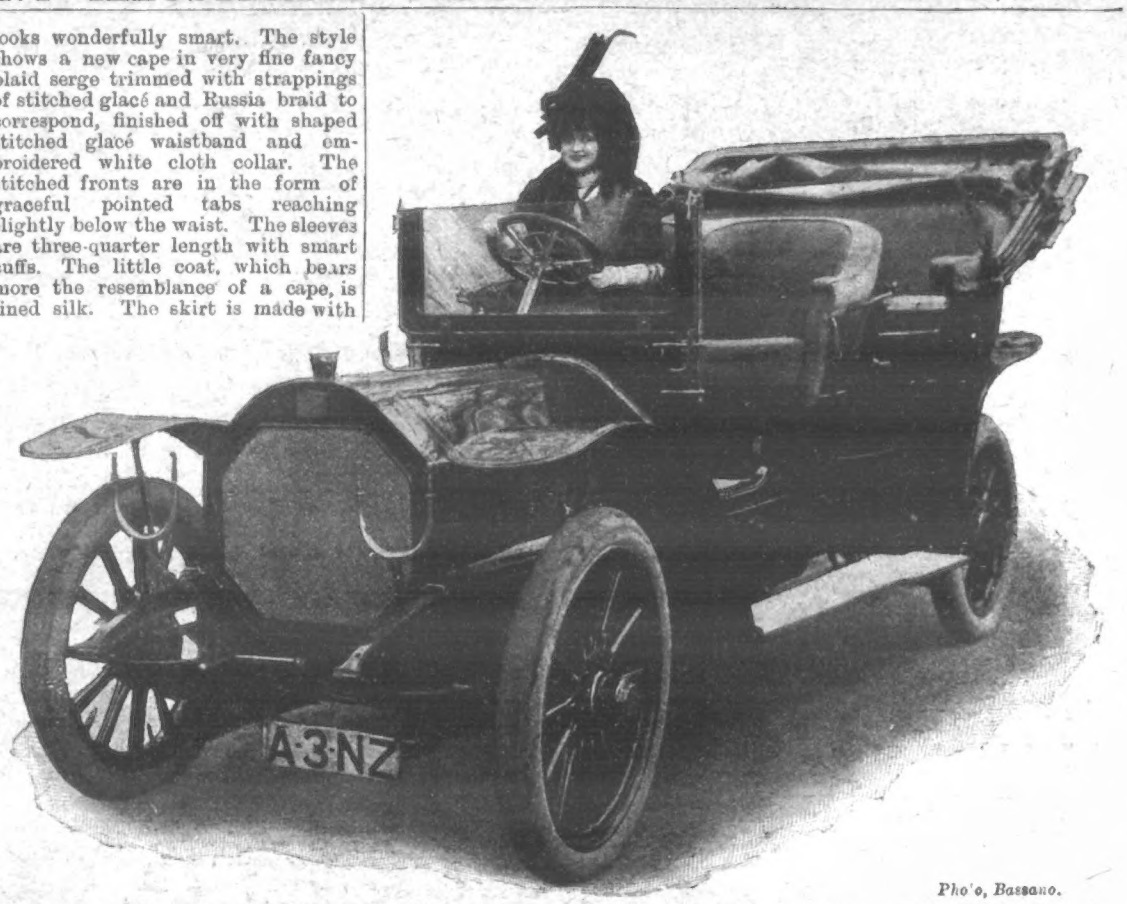
A well cut costume skirt in a woman's wardrobe, if not exactly a joy for ever, is at any rate a joy for a considerable period. When such a skirt can be obtained for the sum of 29s. 6d. in smart black colienne, tastefully arranged with tuckings and gaugings and, in addition, mounted upon a silk foundation throughout, the woman of economy and good taste would be well-advised to invest in one without delay. It is not always easy to light on a bargain when one goes shopping in special quest of one, and the woman who generally secures the best value for her money is she who knows how to seize on the right moment of purchase. This skirt is very dainty in appearance, having a full gathered flounce bordered at the hem with a ruché set on in the form of loops while the flounce is headed with rows of gauging surmounted by a similar ruché arranged in loops. Above this, again, are several rows of tucks to form the appearance of an apron to the skirt.

Simplicity and Style.

At the price, namely 29s. 6d., a simple but stylish skirt in voile may be purchased, if that fabric is preferred to colienne, in which it is also simplicitly stocked. It is a thoroughly well-made skirt, lined with glacé silk. It has a deep flounce at the foot, edged with a tiny frill and set on with rows of gauging. A ruché and a group of three tucks repeated twice over form the rest of the trimming above the flounce, and for the rest the skirt is quite plain and gathered softly into the waistband.

The Marjorie Costume.

Those who can afford four to five guineas for a nice costume will certainly be pleased with the Marjorie coat and skirt. It may be carried out in fine faced cloth, or in plaid in shades of browns, greens and navy it looks wonderfully smart. The style shows a new cape in very fine fancy plaid serge trimmed with strappings of stitched glacé and Russia braid to correspond, finished off with shaped stitched glacé waistband and embroidered white cloth collar. The stitched fronts are in the form of graceful pointed tabs reaching slightly below the waist. The sleeves are three-quarter length with smart cuffs. The little coat, which bears more the resemblance of a cape, is lined silk. The skirt is made with the fashionable front panel, and trimmed at the foot with a strapping of stitched glacé headed by a row of Russia braid arranged in a pretty leaf design.



Photo, Bassano.

"THE CHARM OF PARIS": Mdlle. Gaby Deslys, who is playing a leading part in "The New Aladdin" at the Gaiety Theatre.

LOVER'S DISCOVERY.—FINDS THAT HIS FIANCEE IS HIS SISTER: A Wyoming miner named Richard Watson, who was engaged to be married, made the startling discovery, four days before the wedding, that his fiancee was his sister. The bride to be, known as "Miss Anna Mills," was kidnapped from her parents' home when she was four years old by a farm labourer named James Mills. The latter brought her up to believe that he was her father He deserted her ten years ago, and she went to Lander, Wyoming where she met Richard Watson, a prosperous miner. The latter fel in love with her, and all the arrangements were made for the wedding, when a chance remark made by "Miss Mills" led to the discovery that the lovers were brother and sister.

Warm Coats.

Thick white blanket cloth has been extremely popular this season in relation to loose tailor-made coats. A full sac coat of this description fifty-two inches long costs only 27s. 6d., or in a length just four inches longer, 29s. 6d. There is, we may be sure, plenty of cold weather in store, and the Panhard, a well-cut reefer sac of moss tweed, is an exceptionally light and warm coat, the material being specially adapted to combine both advantages. This coat, forty-four inches long, is made with a centre seam and has a collar of natural opossum. The price is two guineas.

Social Duties.

Few men in these days of hurry and bustle have leisure to perform social duties. The young bachelor living in chambers may manage now and then to find time for calling on friends and acquaintances, but the married man with an increasing practice or business has to give up all such amenities and resign himself to the monotony of his daily grind.

If any visiting is to be done, in most instances the wife must be the one to do it. Some women will not recognise that they have any duties outside the four walls of their own home; they declare they have no time to make calls, and don't think the whole business worth the fag, and can't possibly be expected to accept invitations when in all probability their husbands could not accompany them.

A man likes to see his wife popular even in those extreme cases where he says he does not. Much as he may make fun of social gatherings, receptions, the paying of calls, etc., in his heart of hearts he is glad such attentions should come in his wife's way, and since, in nine cases out of ten, he cannot go himself, he is pleased she should represent him and wear her prettiest gown and hat, and tell him all about it when he gets home.

"Some people get all the fun," he will probably remark jestingly when she tells him of refreshments in a tent, ices and bands galore; and then he will add, "Well, somebody must keep the ball rolling, and since that somebody cannot be your humble servant it had better be you, little girl, hadn't it?" And depend upon it, he will look forward to the day when he will not have to work so hard, and when, thanks to his wife having kept them together, he can gather all his old friends around him and feel the poet was right when he said, "Life has its compensations!"

"Don't Boast," A Word to Girls.

Do not, young woman, however charming and fascinating you may find yourself, boast of your achievements in winning hearts.

Nothing disgusts men and women whose respect is worth having, more than this. Many a belle has found herself a forlorn spinster eventually because she has related her early successes too freely.

A man who listens and laughs at your story of another man's infatuation is thinking in his secret heart, "Well, if this is the way she repays some honest fellow's devotion, I will keep clear of her. I do not want her to make *me* the subject of conversation to some other man."

Men have a certain sense of loyalty to one another in such matters. While they may feel glad that a rival has failed in his wooing, they resent the idea of his being made the butt of ridicule.

Keep your conquests to yourself. If other people mention them refuse to discuss the point. Do not show letters or repeat compliments. It is both dishonourable and silly.

If the men who surround you are serious in their attentions, you are doing them a great injustice by your frivolous speech regarding them.

If they are mere flatterers, saying and writing to you what they say and write to all attractive girls, you are making yourself ridiculous.

The most contemptible creature on earth is a man who boasts of his success among women.

Every man and every woman despises him once he is known.

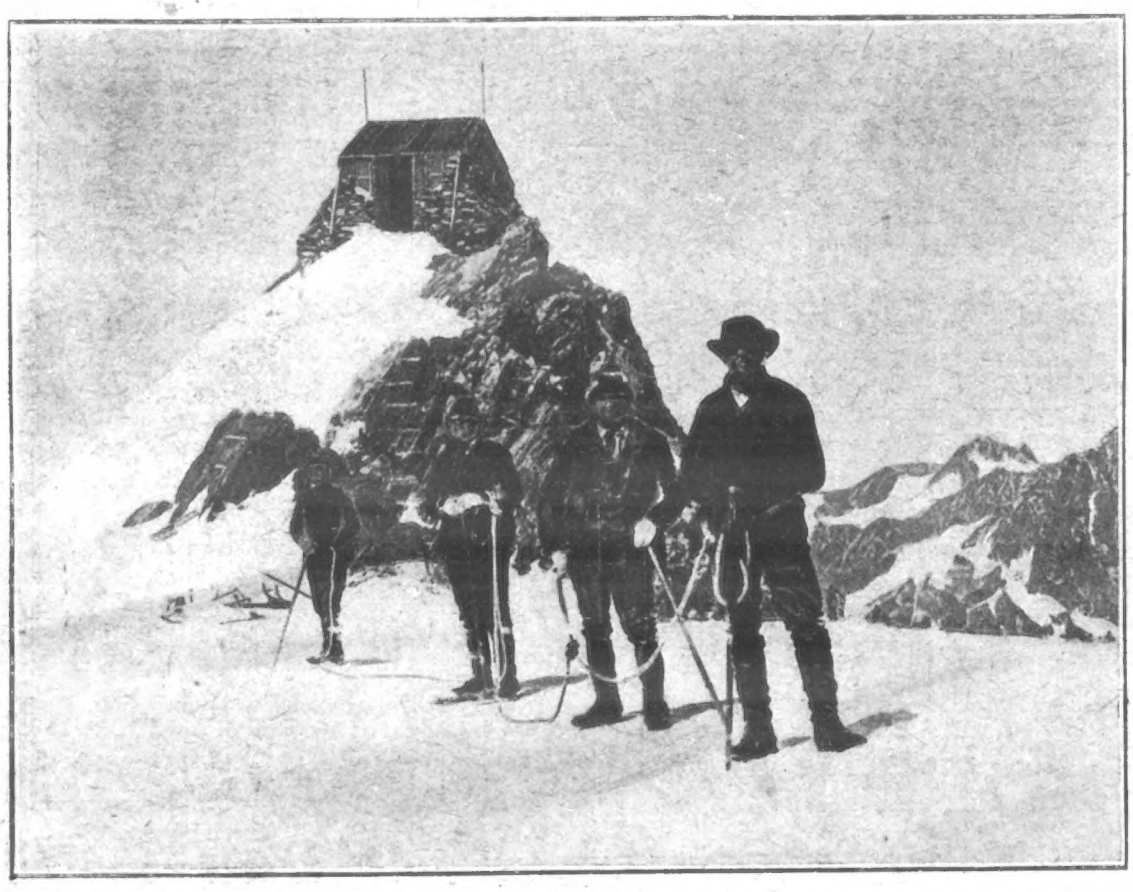
But the boasting girl is only a degree less contemptible. Of course vanity in a woman is less criminal than in a man, for man has cultivated her vanity, and through it many of her virtues are created.

But the vanity which leads her to be attractive and pleasing is quite another thing from the conceit which leads her to boast of the results of her attractions.

Let other people observe your popularity, but do not declare it yourself.

Tell of the popularity of other girls, praise them and show your willingness to have them admired.

It will do more to win admiration for you than all you could relate of your own exploits.



VANDALISM ON MONT BLANC: The hut on the summit of Mont Blanc, which was erected at great expense by M. Vallot, the French astronomer, has once more been pillaged. Everything portable has been stolen, while the heavier articles, such as the stove, the table, and chairs, were smashed and the pieces thrown out into the snow. As this is the seventh time that such an act of vandalism has been committed, M. Vallot has decided not to go to the expense of restoring the hut.

KING ARTHUR REDIVIVUS: Strange Tale about a Statue which Terrified a Watchman: The Austrian newspapers tell an extraordinary story concerning the night watchman of the Franciscan Church, or Hofkirche, at Innsbruck. This man, it is said, was found palsied with fear, in the church. At first he was unable to give a coherent account of what had terrified him, but, when he had at length recovered, he declared that, when passing the well-known figure of King Arthur, the one word "Halt," uttered in a martial tone, issued from the statue. Stricken with fear, the watchman stood still, and then, he solemnly declares, he "saw the sculptured King slowly close his eyes, and open them again."

Photo, Bassano.

AN EMPIRE FAVOURITE: Miss Hilda de Vere, who is now playing at the Empire.

Should It be Broken Off?

Here is a case which is more common than most people suppose:

A young girl becomes engaged before (as events prove) she knows her own feelings exactly. She discovers that she really does not love the man to whom she is shortly to be tied for life, and she has to decide which course she shall adopt.

Shall she tell him, and break off the engagement, or shall she say nothing and marry him? It is not exactly a question of making him happy or unhappy; she does not study that very much, because she thinks he will not suffer greatly, but will probably soon console himself with another. She thinks that she has to decide the question in her own interest entirely.

She resolves to say nothing, but to marry him and trust to luck to be happy and to make him happy. Why does she come to this decision? The reason is this: If the engagement is broken off, people will probably say that she has been jilted, but whether they do or not, she will (she imagines) be depreciated in the matrimonial market because she is to a certain extent "second-hand," as one girl phrased it.

Having been engaged, she will not be readily accepted by another member of the opposite sex, who would prefer to find a partner among those who have not had that experience. However much she might do to prove the real cause of the break, there would always be a lingering doubt in the mind of another possible lover, and he would decide to try elsewhere.

Does she adopt the course? The answer that will spring from the lips of most persons is a negative one. The girl will be condemned for duplicity. Yet one cannot help feeling some sympathy with her, for she does not exaggerate when she says that her value in the matrimonial market will be lessened, and that it will probably prevent her from obtaining a chance of marrying.

We are not very merciful to one another, and a girl who has been engaged and then becomes free is looked upon with disfavour.

Many cases of exceedingly long engagements will occur to the minds of readers; on hearing of those cases we have been prompted to ask why on earth a girl allows herself to be trifled with in that way, and ultimately thrown aside. Of course, she has not known absolutely that she will be finally cast off, but we find it difficult to comprehend why she allowed the engagement to drag on to even half the length.

Is not the answer to be found in the foregoing paragraphs? She has felt, in all probability, that he has ceased to love her, but she has been convinced that her chance of marriage has been spoilt by having been engaged, and she has kept on hoping against hope that they will be happy when married. She has preferred to take a half-chance than to lose (as she thought) all chance.

Those are two phases of the same subject. The lesson should teach both sexes to be careful that they do not rush into so solemn an act as an engagement

To Clean a Mackintosh.

Spread the cloak out on a deal table, and go over it carefully with a small scrubbing-brush and some soap moistened with rain-water. Rinse thoroughly in clear, cold water, and hang out on a line in the shade to dry. Any stains which will not yield to soap and water will probably be easily removed by rubbing them with a little ammonia.

Just the Thing for Cinderellas.

A delightful dress for the many cinderellas now in prospect is the Sylvia, an attractive evening toilette of silk gauze. Both skirt and bodice are trimmed with a woven border of satin to match, tastefully arranged with lace insertion, and the waistband—that important feature in a ball gown—is of wide gathered satin. The entire dress is beautifully mounted on glacé silk, veiled with chiffon which gives a delightfully soft effect to the over dress of silk gauze; and considering the exquisite finish afforded to the whole gown by the chiffon interlining it is a very cheap creation at five guineas. In pink, sky, nil, and white, it can be made equally becoming to both blonde and brunette.

Photo, Rita Martin.

MISS MARION LINDSAY: Who is now playing in "The Beauty of Bath" at the Aldwych Theatre.

Joad Heteb, the Egyptian Wizard: Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant's latest "find." The photograph represents the magician performing one of his most wonderful and characteristic feats. (See p. 424.)

Thought She was a Man: The "Viedomosti" publishes an extraordinary story concerning the popular Russian actress, Mlle. Polakova, who, it seems, recently became engaged, and, applying for her official papers, in order that she might be married, discovered, to her horror and amazement, that a mistake as to her sex had been made, and that, when a baby, she had been registered as a boy! Moreover, she learnt that the police, believing her to be a male, had a warrant for her arrest for not presenting herself for military service! To rectify matters, Mdlle. Polakova will now have to amply prove her identity, and six months at least must elapse before the unfortunate actress's marriage can take place.

Hip Marmalade

Is a most economical preserve and much appreciated. Collect the hips from the rose bushes when perfectly ripe, wash them, and boil in water in the proportion of half a pint of water to every pound of fruit. When tender, press through a sieve fine enough to keep back all seeds. To each pound of pulp add one pound of preserving sugar, and boil till the marmalade will jelly. When cooked, pour into jelly glasses with a few pieces of preserved ginger in each glass. Cover, while still hot, with paper brushed over with beaten white of egg.

Is this the recipe you mean, I wonder? It is a very good one.

"Maids of Honour" Cheesecakes.

Boil gently together for a quarter of an hour half a pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, two ounces of butter, a little thin lemon-peel, some loaf sugar, three well-beaten eggs, and stir till the mixture becomes thick. Then pass it through a sieve, add two more beaten eggs, and sufficient flavouring to be tasty. Line some patty-pans with puff-paste, half fill with the mixture, and bake.

Larded Undercut of Sirlion.

Cut a nice undercut lengthwise, so as to form two good steaks, lard them with strips of bacon three inches long. Slice a carrot, a small piece of turnip and a small onion, and put them in a sauté-pan with two cloves. Place the steaks on them, the lardons uppermost, pour a little water or stock round, and bake for three-quarters of an hour. Put the steak on a hot dish, take all the fat from the gravy, add a little more water and some meat glaze. Boil up the gravy, season, colour if neccessary, and strain over the steak. Serve very hot.

A Christmas Cake.

Take an equal weight each of blanched sweet almonds, caster sugar, flour, butter, sultanas, and eggs. Pound the almonds to a paste in a marble mortar and mix all the ingredients together in the usual way. This cake should be baked rather slowly and longer than an ordinary cake.

Negligent Sweethearts.

That a lover be neglectful of his privileges does not indicate that he is not true, that he does not love his *fiancée* wholeheartedly, that she is not the one girl in this world for him

A girl will fret and worry should her sweetheart fail to turn up one evening when she had expected him. She will imagine he is dead, or that some dreadful accident has happened.

When she learns that there was no reason, and gathers that he had probably forgotten all about it, she is overwhelmed with anguish. To her it can only mean that he does not love her, that she does not wholly and solely fill his mind and life, as he does hers. At first this seeming neglect is dreadful to her, and it is only when she brings thought into the matter that she will see her way to happiness more clearly.

It isn't easy for a girl in the first blush of engaged happiness to realise her lover is aught but a perfect being. The little faults and failings of men in general are, she believes, as far removed from her lover as are the poles. The glamour of her love puts him in a roseate light that has no shadow, and it is only afterwards that she begins to realise that she must let her mind, as well as her heart, point the road that will lead to happiness for them both.

To Clean the Doorstep.

Take the requisite quantity of red ochre and mix it into a smooth paste with a little cold water. Pour it into boiling starch until the right shade is obtained. Then brush it evenly over the steps, and avoid stepping upon it until dry. The doorstep will appear presentable longer than if hearthstoned in the usual way, and it may even be washed over once or twice without spoiling the effect. Fireplaces which otherwise require to be hearthstoned may be treated in this way and the cheerful colour of the ochre gives a very cosy look to a sitting-room.

Photo, Foulsham & Banfield.

"AMĀSIS," AT THE NEW THEATRE: Charming Miss Ruth Vincent, the leading lady in this successful musical play

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

It seems only a few weeks ago that we were celebrating the opening of the football season, yet here we are at almost the beginning of the New Year and half the usual programme completed. I say half the "usual" programme, because one cannot include the South Africans, who will be leaving England in the course of a few days. They will take with them the congratulations of every lover of Rugby football; indeed, all admirers of clever and clean sport will accord them that acumen which they have undoubtedly earned. Their deeds have been almost, if not quite, equal to those of the New Zealanders, and, like the "All Blacks," the "Springbokken" can boast that they have been only once defeated in their great games.

Talking of clean sport, the remarks passed by Mr. Paul Roos, the South African captain, at the dinner following the match with England are still forming food for argument. Some people of experience in the Rugby world, and whose words carry weight, are clamouring for an alteration in the rules so that it would become illegal to hack at a player who has pluckily dropped on the ball to stop a rush. I am entirely in accord with them, and though I think such an alteration might lead to a little "spoofing" of referees by players who are unscrupulous, yet, on the other hand, this is more than counterbalanced by the danger to life and limb being minimised. We want good, hard play. Nobody would care to look on at a "drawing-room game," and no man with any grit in him would care to play it. Yet any legislation which tends to lessen the chances of severe accident would be welcomed. Much, of course, rests with the players—who should temper vigour with discretion in dangerous circumstances—and with the referee, on whose part, it is scarcely necessary to say, smartness and firmness are essential. If they made examples of one or two "devil may-care" — "get-your-own-back" spirits, others of the same kidney would speedily tone down.

When I heard last week that V. H. Cartwright was contemplating retirement from Rugby football I could scarcely credit the rumour, and on seeing the announcement of his resignation from office on the English R.U. Selection Committee I was extremely sorry as well as astonished. The news was all the more disappointing in view of the fact that the old Oxford captain had led England in such a capable manner in the great match at the Crystal Palace. According to report, it is business that primarily is the cause of Mr. Cartwright's decision, but he also is stated to have said that he has had his share of international football. I am writing a few days in advance of the usual time, and if during these few days Mr. Cartwright has been induced to alter his decision no one will be more delighted than myself. We can ill afford to lose such a magnificent player and such a good sportsman.

Naturally the holiday matches will have a great bearing on the positions of the various League clubs, and, judging by those which have taken place already, we shall have a very strenuous struggle in both the divisions of the senior organisation and also in the Southern League. In the first division of the older body the fight is likely to be particularly keen, as it appears much more open than was the case a week or two ago. The second division tournament, however, is practically at the mercy of a few clubs. Nearly everybody would be pleased to see such teams of old traditions as Notts Forest and West Bromwich Albion go back again into the select circle of the upper division, but Chelsea's supporters swear by their team, and confidently predict that they will join Woolwich Arsenal in the first division next season. Two London clubs in the competition would lend extra zest to Association football in town, though I am still of opinion that the Southern League should have had the support of both the teams named.

It was an enthusiastic West Londoner who during the holidays predicted an easy win for Fulham in the contest for the Southern League championship. I pointed out to him the long journey yet to be traversed between this and the end of April, and that accident, illness, or falling-off in form of some of the players might easily upset the best of teams. But he stuck to his guns, and I must admit that such enthusiasm as his goes a long way towards helping a club along. Moreover, the form of some of Fulham's nearest opponents has not been too steady. Portsmouth or Tottenham Hotspur may go to the top, but one can hardly think seriously of the chances possessed by Norwich City, Watford, or Brighton and Hove Albion.

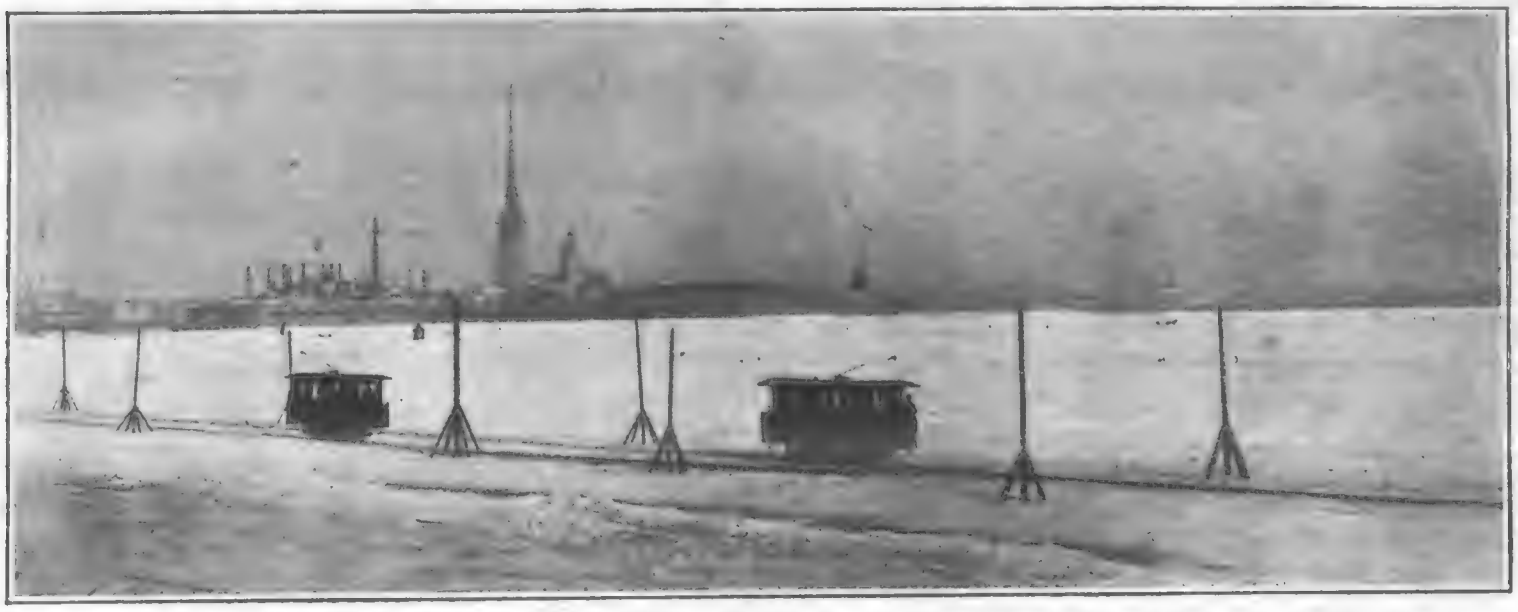
The Africans' backs held revelry last week at Richmond, where Surrey were added to the "long list," going under by five goals (one dropped) and three tries (thirty-three points) to nil. A victory over a Surrey fifteen, weakened by the absence of their two great centres, Raphael and Birkett, can have occasioned no surprise, but there is such a difference between a mere win and a wholesale triumph for wonderful back play. And the work of the African "threes," in particular, was supreme.

The "'Bokken" had a big purpose in view; they wanted to drive home their merit to Londoners, and they wanted to disprove rumours. What they had done in the provinces had only been reported to the greater percentage of the 7,000 or 8,000 people present. Many of these had seen the Africans play Kent, Middlesex, and England, and had not been impressed by much more than cast-iron defence. But their eyes were opened very wide by what they were privileged to witness when Surrey were down for "harrowing."

There was another reason for African excellence. Great as the intention to electrify metropolitan enthusiasts, there would probably have been a "short circuit" had the ground been very muddy, the ball slippery, and the African fliers "blanket hoofed." Luckily such a "Bok" nightmare was not the actual case.

Photo, P.I.P.

FAMOUS FOOTBALL TEAMS: Woolwich Arsenal.



TRAMS ON THE ICE: A winter scene near St. Petersburg, where trams are run over the frozen River Neva.

START OF A ONE-MILE BACKWARD SKATING HANDICAP ON THE COURSE OF THE MONTREAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

HUNTING THE WOLF IN RUSSIA.

In Western Russia wolf-hunts are arranged, and as many men and dogs are brought together as possible. Some of the men carry eagles, trained to act like falcons and to sit on their owner's arm. As the eagle is heavy to be carried in this way for any length of time, a support is fixed to the side of the saddle on which the bearer rests his arm. When a wolf is sighted the eagle is let loose, and at once flies after the wolf, and, overtaking it, strikes at its head. This attack so confuses the wolf that it gives the dogs time to come up and seize it.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

New Beginnings.

So many people begin in the middle. Then when they find out their mistakes they tire, back down, give it up, and start on something else. It is still worse than that with a few whom the world calls "the very fortunate few," because they have money to spend in making a start—not in the middle, but right at the very top. We do not call these people fortunate. They may be in luck's way in regard to finances; but what feeling of pleasure, of self-gratification, can they possibly have over that, which, no matter how well it turns out, only financial luck has purchased? Take a kennel of collies, or a fashionable breed of poultry, for instance, how easy it is to buy one's way up to the cups and medals of the show bench or pen, when one has the chink to fling about! Half the failures in the world happen because the start was made too easy.

A Very Small Start.

The very smallest start one can make, no matter how little the cost of it, nor how dim the future development, will be a beginning. We all know the old copy-book adage about small beginnings. Here is a small instance: A poor girl, a cottager's child, who is lame, but who can go about, started last January towards poultry farming. She had not a penny. She went about the neighbourhood telling people what she wanted to do, and asking them to give her any old stuff that would sell for a halfpenny or a penny. In this way she collected enough to buy three broody hens, and three sittings of eggs. The hens cost 1s. 9d. each, and the eggs 1s. 3d. per sitting; total 9s. Then she begged three Tate's cube boxes at the grocers, and made them into brooding coops. She set to work to gather manure off the roads, old rags, old bottles, and such-like stuff, so as to be able to buy food for her hens and chicks. The broods came off, ten, eleven, and twelve. Thirty chicks were reared by the roadside, three being killed or getting lost. Of the thirty sixteen were cocks. She put one of these aside for a stock bird, and fattened fifteen of them, selling them at 3s. each. By the end of June she had got six more broody hens off with about seventy chicks. From those and the former fifteen she selected thirty layers for the coming winter and spring, and she fattened all the rest, and also put down and got off six more clutches of winter chickens in September with the money she had from her second batch of fat chickens. Then she asked a farmer to allow her to place a fowl's house and scratching shed in the corner of his grass field, near her home. The farmer was willing enough; fowls manure the land, and do other useful things upon it, so he would not lose so long as she limited her stock on this field to the thirty hens. Well, now, to-day this girl is in a fair way to make a good deal of money by poultry. She cannot develop on this spot. Let us hope that she will be one of the first that will benefit by the proposal of Mr. John Burns and Lord Carrington, who are going to offer small holdings this year to all who want them.

Small Holdings.

And so they are coming! Lord Carrington assured a deputation last week that "the Cabinet, the Prime Minister, and himself were all determined that no stone should be left unturned to bring the matter of small holdings to a successful issue." We feel that that assurance means business. We had a similar promise from Mr. John Burns last autumn as to the legislation that would be applied to the establishing of small holdings in England. Our readers must not bear irksomely with us whilst we take up this parable; it closely concerns them. They are to be invited into the vineyard to work. Not as charitably helped and aided, but solely and simply on their own. Is it not good enough? Shall we wait and see? or shall we be getting our knives and axes sharpened, and our cultivating tools ready? We were in New South Wales in 1894, when the Eldorado goldfield was struck. Ten days after the whole of the area was claimed and staked out. Most urgently, now, we say to every land-hungry reader of these farming and gardening notes, be ready, join somebody, do something to put yourself in the way of it, and with both hands seize the first hold, if you can.

Occupations that Pay.

We tried, in a fair way, the profitableness of rabbit farming from the beginning to the end of one twelve-month, viz., 1903. We started with three doe rabbits and a buck. The variety was the Belgian. In the month of February three litters came, and from then on, till late in the autumn, they kept coming. The best of the does reared forty-eight, another forty, and the last thirty-six. That made 124 rabbits, which we fed and sold that year. Our average price for them was 1s. 9d., which makes £10 17s. These rabbits cost us a good deal for runs and boxes. They were kept on turf all the year. Of course, we had the runs and boxes left at the end of the time, and we also had the breeding stock. Now as to the cost of their keep. We simply grew stuff for them that did not cost us a penny, except for seed and labour. Our stock of carrots, swedes, kohl rabi, and some pea haulm and dried grass came from the garden plot and the hedge sides. At the end of the year we had a similar stock to go through the winter with had we chosen to do so. During the year we took up every available bit of garden ground for transplanting swedes and kohl rabi upon, and we always had sufficient. We say with the greatest confidence that not an allotment in the country could be put to a better use than growing food for rabbits.

Other Profitable Things.

Pig feed, now; that can be greatly saved over. If it takes 4½lb. of meal to make 1lb. of pork, by how much can we augment that feed and so reduce its cost? Can we bring it down to 3lb. feed to 1lb. gain? Let us get a basis. Pigs which eat little and oft thrive best. They need heat-making food, but they must not lay the fat on too thick, or the quality will fall to second-rate. So then fat-making food should be thinned out with flesh-forming foods. Here is where the garden stuff comes in. Cooked potatoes and other roots are good flesh formers. How cheaply can we provide those? Take goats, again. Three good goats will yield as much milk as an average cow. Goat's milk and goat's butter and cheese are better as safety foods—so the authorities tell us—than are those from the cow. At all events, cottagers can work up to and provide for goats more readily and cheaply.

Cultural Profits.

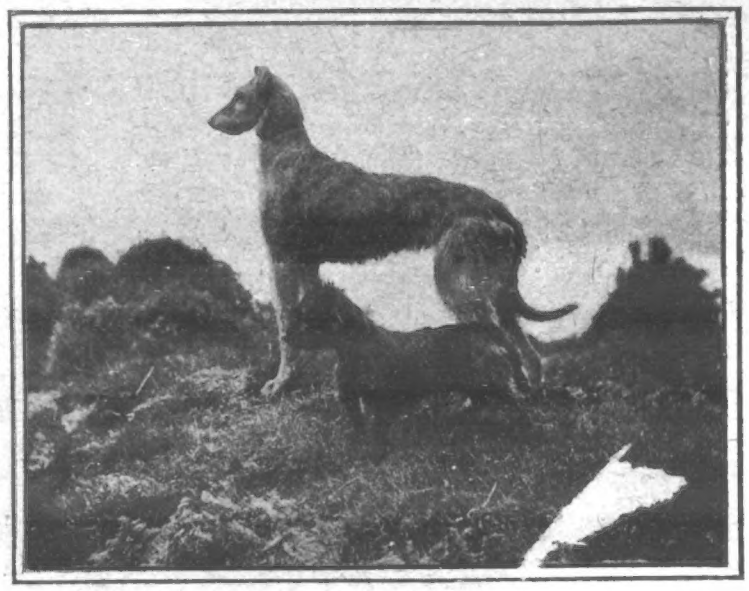
A good many market growers will be changing their plans this year. Chrysanthemums are being far over-done. They no longer pay. In fact, we know of chrysanthemum growers who are at their wits' end to know what to turn to. Tomatoes, which have had a still shorter cultural vogue, and have put growers to much more cost, are in a still worse position. Where they used to make 4½d. to 6d. per pound, they now keep below 3d. And so it is with cucumber, celery, salad, bush-fruit, and tree-fruit growing all round—either they are overdone, or the markets are choked by foreign stuff. Not only that, disease has become a more dreadful foe. The gooseberry, our safest stand-by, is now getting it badly—if all accounts be true. What shall we turn to then? Our remedy is specialising all round. Rabbits, turkeys, ducklings, poultry, and eggs, and pigs and small holdings on the one hand, and a little and good cultural effort with two or three crops that will fit in, on the other. As we ourselves are aiming to turn an honest penny by all those this year, we shall be pleased to know that a goodly number of *P.I.P.* readers are following our notes, wishing everyono a Happy New Year.

Table and Utility Poultry.

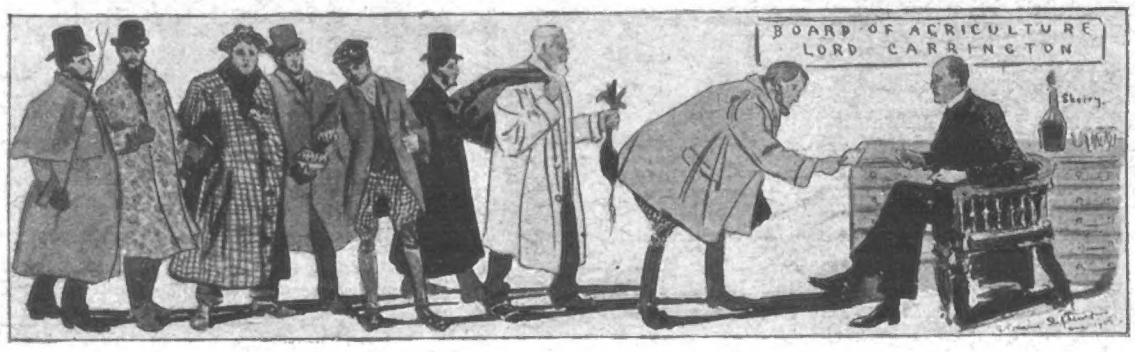
Our note on poultry recently referred to the old Sussex breeds. One of the characteristics of these breeds is that they all throw the white-skinned, clean, four-toed foot, which poultry fatters say they must have to obtain top prices. Now, there is this difference between the Surrey and the Sussex—the Sussex is a foundation or old local type of table fowl, in-and-out bred as the fancy, opportunity, and occasion of the various local breeders have brought it through to date; whilst the Surrey prime market fowl is a more modern development of the best first crosses and in-and-out crosses of more modern breeds of good table poultry. These latter include the Houdan, Dorking, and Indian Game as chief formers of table qualities. There is no feather-legged breed that is an everlasting layer. We do not mean to say that these marvellous layers do not make dainty meat as chickens. Indeed, they are amongst the very best of sweet-fleshed birds. But they are small. A four-months old cockerel will not weigh over 2½lb., against a table-bred bird of the same age weighing double that weight.

Irish Stores.

People get notions through the shows which are sometimes rather erroneous. The Irish Kerry and Dexter we are by this time well acquainted with, but we run away with a wrong idea when we think those the best breeds Ould Ireland can boast of. I have seen a photograph of as prime a grass-fed ox as any Leicester, or Northampton, or Hereford grazier can turn off his land. This animal is a common Irish store—one from a drove brought over to meet a regular supply in our markets. Such an animal at two and a half to two and three-quarter years old—that is to say, calved some time in the spring of 1904 in this instance—is now, after a winter's rough keep, a summer's grazing, and about two months' stall feeding, equal in weight and value to our best Shorthorns and Herefords of the same age. Yet the salesmen who have had the handling of live Canadian stores speak of them as being superior to the best of the Irish. What is likely enough is that the Canadians are big-boned animals, such as our forebears used to love to see when they made four-year-old beef. But, now that young beef has so pleased our palate, we shall find a growing use for these Irish cattle. Good luck to you, Paddy; and let us have plenty av 'em!



THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT: A Charming Animal Study.



INFORMAL LEVEES AT THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE: Lord Carrington has inaugurated a series of unofficial gatherings at the Foreign Office, which all farmers in London on business are invited to attend with a view to an informal chat with the President of the Board of Agriculture on any topics of current interest in the country.

COW WITH THE GOLDEN MILK: A correspondent sends the above photograph of "Katie," a champion cow, which died recently through having swallowed a hairpin. "Katie," who belonged to a Mr. Planta, presented her owner during the course of her career with 13,295 gallons of milk, an average of 2½ gallons per milking day, which, at 2d. per pint, represents a value of £886 6s. 8d.

Seasonable Work.

It is not every year that people with fruit areas, especially when it is bush fruit that they are cultivating, need to study planting. There is much more to do year by year in the way of renovating and transplanting to fill up blanks or to get stock bushes wider apart. We are now busy at a renovating job on a fine but sadly neglected fruit plot. No doubt there are many like it in various parts, and, as the time is most seasonable, we will give a few details. One object is to get whatever bushes we may transplant into good fresh soil. Another is to try to get new stock from everything we find it necessary to remove. An old gooseberry bush, for instance, full of suckers and so crowded with wood that one could not get a hand into it without being scratched. Just the thing for the smother fire and to be replaced by a half-dozen new bushes, says the looker-on. But not so with us. We dig it up, lay it over on one side, and pick it in pieces with a fork and a bill-hook until we have a goodly lot of divisions, as we call them. These we prune and thin of all except the best fruiting wood, and then we plant them in groups of three around the vacant spot lately occupied by the old bush. It is an easy plan with gooseberries. Dividing currant bushes is still easier if there be stout young root suckers coming from the old root. As for the actual cut that separates the whole root into fragments, it must be carefully done so as not to bruise or jag the root. We find the best place for making the division, and then we place the axe or the bill-hook's edge upon it and give it a good blow or two with a mallet, so as to cut it clean through. The question is: Which is the most economic way of keeping up stock? These divisions will bear fruit well next year.

"DARBY AND JOAN."

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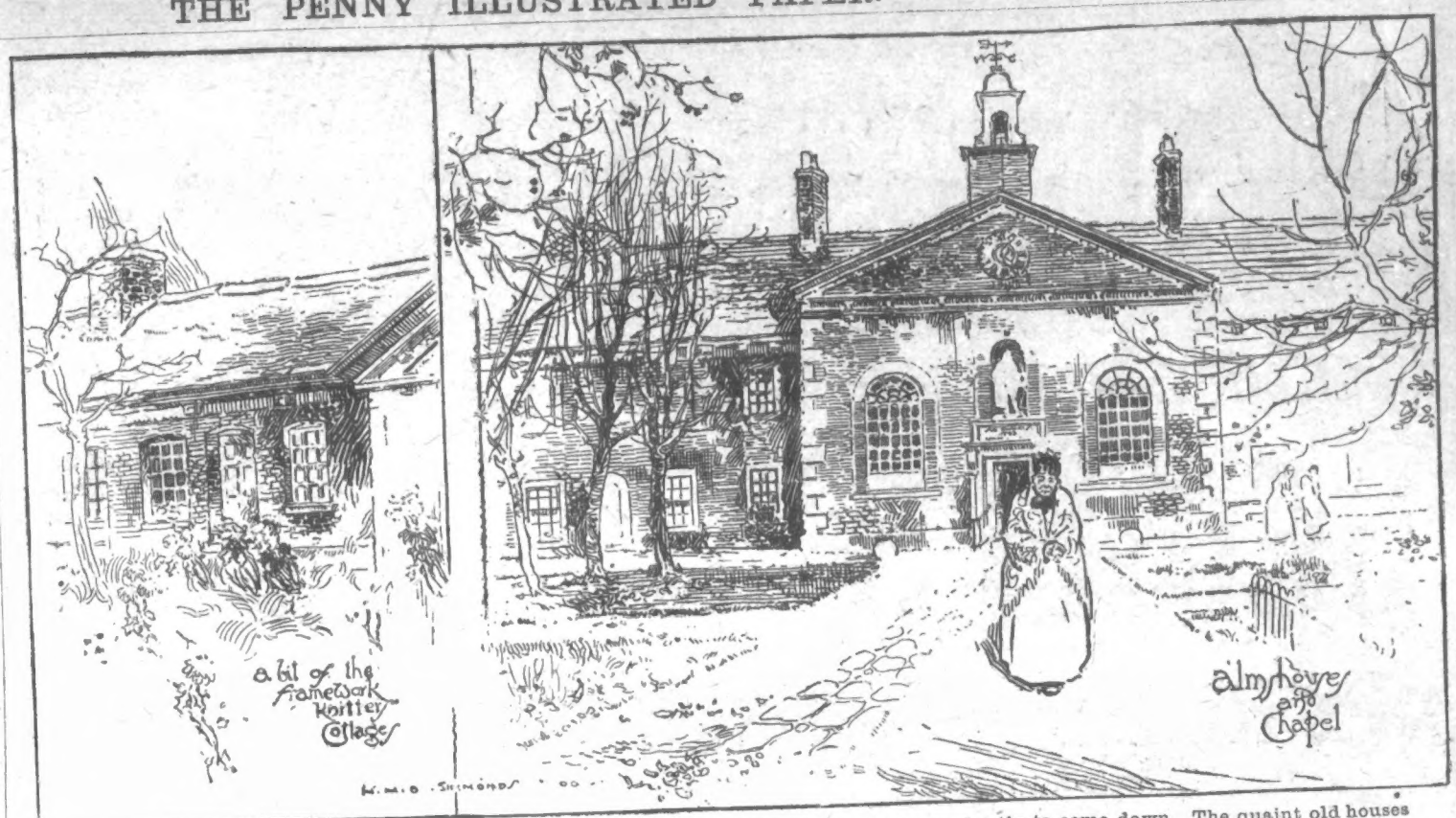
The World's Fair.

The lessee, Mr. T. E. Read, having spared neither time or expense, has succeeded in getting together an exceptionally strong programme of a most varied and attractive character, and hopes his endeavours to beat all previous records will meet with the public approval. There are all the elements of sensationalism of the highest degree, and a multiplicity of various other attractions, amusements, etc., to please the taste of all classes—which is sufficient proof of its popularity, stability, and genuineness.

The grand free circus is the chief attraction of this great show, and [illegible] of unique and varied performers, and now that the ring has been [illegible] raised, an excellent view [illegible] from all points, and is [illegible] with powerful electric lights. The programme is lengthy and varied, and an exceptionally strong array of Continental and other star artistes, male and female, have been engaged, including the most intrepid of riders, specialities, equine novelties, comical clowns, and other funnyosities, etc., will be introduced. There will be frequent performances daily, with a change of programme at each, and an entire change of programme every week. The admission is only 6d.



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DAINTY SAMPLE BOXES—6d. EACH

CONTAINING

1 Tube White "Vaseline." | *1 Tube Capsicum "Vaseline."* | *1 Tube Pomade "Vaseline."* | *1 Tin Pure "Vaseline."* | *1 Tin "Vaseline" Cold Cream.* | *1 Tin "Vaseline" Camphor Ice.*

SEND 6D. IN STAMPS TO THE CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., PROPRIETORS of "VASELINE," 42 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C., AND ONE WILL BE FORWARDED POST FREE.

Fortune Favours the Healthy

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP WILL MAKE YOU HEALTHY STRONG AND FIT.

"Fortune favours the brave," the old saw has it; but it is the same thing. You cannot be brave, that is actively brave, unless you are healthy; at best you can only have the bravery of endurance. Ill-health makes you timid, nervous, and fearful of consequences; but health puts vigour into your limbs and courage into your heart, and you sweep forward regardless of obstacles, feeling the joy of life and ready for any enterprise. This is the health that Mother Seigel's Syrup gives, the health that is life and fortune in one. And it does so because it strengthens your stomach and liver, cleanses your blood and purifies your whole system.

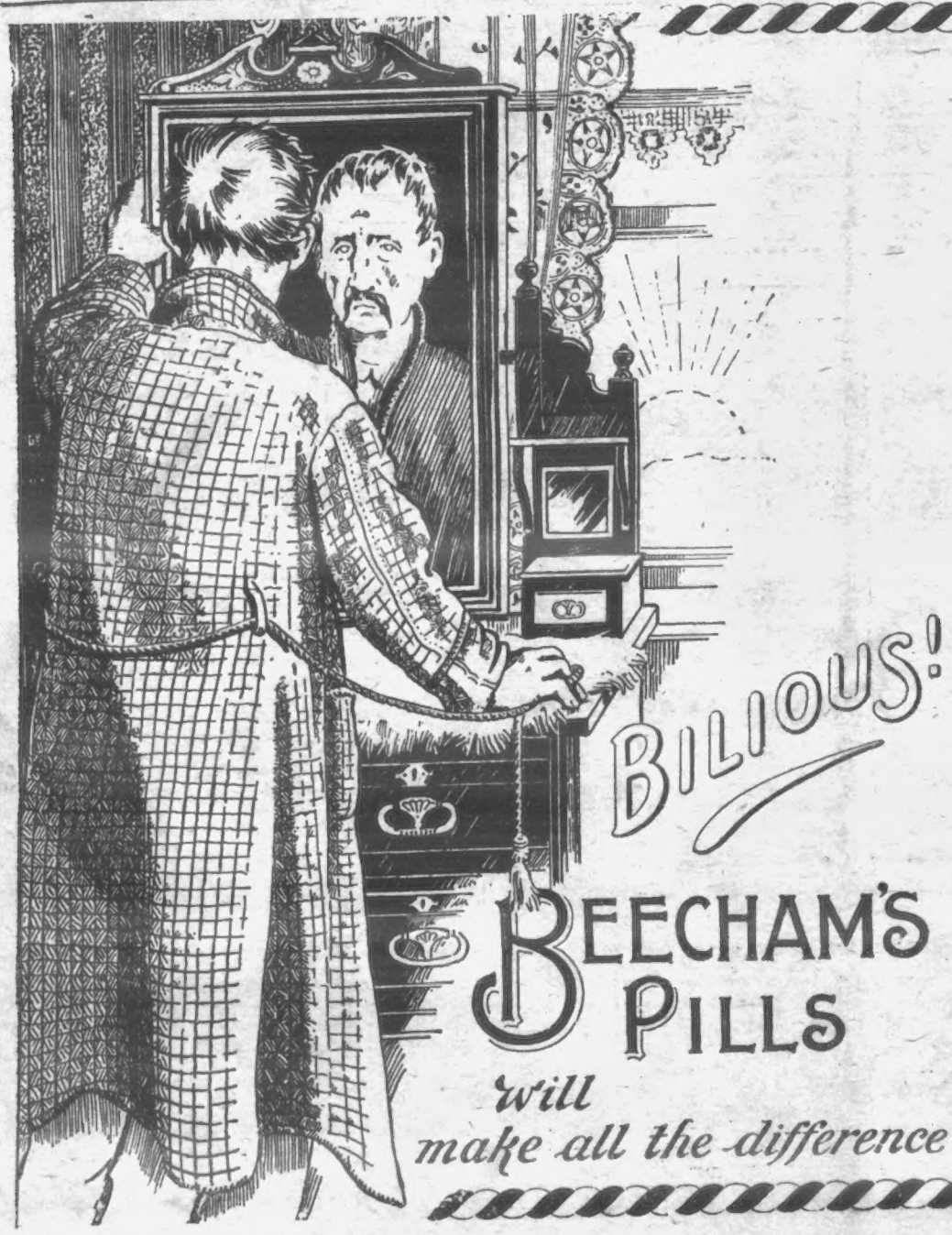
"Mother Seigel's Syrup has saved us many a doctor's bill. When I first began taking the Syrup I was terribly troubled with indigestion and bilious attacks. My food disagreed with me, and I always felt sick after eating. I was much troubled with wind and headache, and sometimes the pain across my chest would make me bend nearly double. I had been like this for a long time, when Mother Seigel's Syrup was recommended to me, and I began taking it. The result was that I was speedily cured. My wife suffered, too, mostly from dizziness and headache, with spots before her eyes. But that is all changed now. Mother Seigel's Syrup is always in the house, and if either of us feels the least out of sorts we take a dose, and that is the end of it. We have given it to the children too, and they are as well and strong as children could be."—From Mr. John Peet, Baker, Spital, near Windsor. July 18, 1906.

THE CURE THAT ALWAYS CURES

BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, ANÆMIA, GRIPING PAINS, BACKACHE, WIND, HEADACHE, NAUSEA, DIZZINESS, PALPITATION AND ALL FORMS OF

INDIGESTION.

The 2s. 6d. bottle contains three times as much as the 1s. 1½d. size.



A Boon to the Bilious.

Are you compelled to deny yourself many wholesome foods because you think they will make you bilious? Do you know that your condition is more to blame than the food? Your liver and stomach need attention more than the diet.

When you find yourself suffering from a bilious attack take

Beecham's Pills,

and all annoying symptoms will soon disappear. They settle the stomach, regulate the liver, and exercise the bowels. Their good effects are felt immediately.

BEECHAM'S PILLS mingle with the contents of the stomach and make easy work of digestion. The nourishing properties of the food are then readily assimilated, replenishing the blood and giving health, strength, and vigour to the whole system.

BEECHAM'S PILLS should be taken whenever there is sick headache, furred tongue, constipation, sallow skin, or any symptoms indicating an inactive liver.

Worth a Guinea a Box.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 *pills*) *and* 2/9 (168 *pills*).